



Department of Music
University of Alberta

In Recital

Michelle Wylie, soprano

assisted by

Corey Hamm, piano

Wednesday, February 9, 1994 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Program

Alma del core (1716)	Antonio Caldara (1670-1736)
Il mio bel foco	Benedetto Marcello (1686-1739)
Per la gloria d'adorarvi (1722)	Giovanni Bononcini (1672-1750)
Come raggio di sol O del mio dolce ardor (1770)	Antonio Caldara Christoph W von Gluck (1714-1787)
Lachen und Weinen (1823)	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Frühlingsglaube (1822)	
Gretchen am Spinnrade (1814)	

Intermission

Allerseelen (1885)	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Die Nacht (1885)	
Zueignung (1885)	
Rêve d'Amour (1862)	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Les berceaux (1879)	
Clair de lune (1887)	
Greek to me (1937)	Cole Porter (1891-1964)
Tale of the Oyster (1929)	
It's De-lovely (1936)	

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Wylie.

Ms Wylie is recipient of the Beryl Barns Memorial Undergraduate Awards.

Texts and Translations

Alma del core [Text: anonymous]

Alma del core,
spirto dell'alma,
sempre costante t'adorerò.

Sarò contento nel mio tormento
se quel bel labbro baciare potrò.

Il mio bel foco [Text: unknown]

Il mio bel foco,
o lontano o vicino
ch'esser poss'io,
senza cangiar mai tempre,
per voi care pupille,
arderà sempre.

Quella fiamma che m'accende
piace tanto all'alma mia
che giammai s'estinguerà.

E se il fato a voi me rende,
vaghi rai del mio bel sole,
altra luce ella non vuole
nè voler giammai potrà.

Per la gloria d'adorarvi [Text: P Rolli]

Per la gloria d'adorarvi
voglio amarvi o luci care.

Amando penerò;
ma sempre v'amerò,
sì sì nel mio penare,
Penerò, v'amerò, luci care.

Senza speme di diletto
vanno affetto è sospirare;
ma i vostri dolci rai,
chi vagheggiar può mai
e non v'amare?

Come raggio di sol [Text: unknown]

Come raggio di sol,
mite e sereno,
sopra placidi flutti si riposa
mentre del mare nel profondo seno
sta la tempesta ascosa,
così riso talor gaio e pacato
di contento,
di gioia un labbro infiora,
mentre nel suo segreto il cor piagato
s'angoscia e si martora.

Soul of My Heart

Soul of my heart,
spirit of my soul,
always constant, I will adore you.

I shall be happy in my torment
if I shall be able to kiss those beautiful lips.

My Beautiful Fire

My beautiful fire,
either distant or near
that I may be
without ever changing,
for you, dear eyes,
will always burn.

That flame which sets me on fire
pleases my soul so much
that it will never extinguish itself.

And if fate returns me to you,
lovely rays of my beautiful sun,
my soul does not desire any other light,
nor will it ever want any other.

For the Glory of Adoring You

For the glory of adoring you
I want to love you, O dear eyes.

Loving you I will suffer;
but always I will love you,
yes yes in my suffering.
I will suffer, I will love you, dear eyes.

Without hope of pleasure
it is a vain affection to sigh;
but your sweet glances,
who can admire them
and not love you?

As a Ray of Sun

As a ray of sun,
mild and serene,
rests upon the placid waves
while in the profound bosom of the sea
the tempest remains hidden,
so laughter sometimes gay and peaceful
with contentment,
with joy touches the lips,
while in its secret depths the wounded heart
suffers anguish and martyrdom.

O del mio dolce ardor [Text: R de Calzabigi]
O del mio dolce ardor bramato oggetto
l'aura che tu respiri,
alfin respiro.

Ovunque il guardo io giro
le tue vaghe sembianze
amore in me dipinge:
il mio pensier si finge
le più liete speranze;
e nel desio che così m'empie il petto
cerco te chiamo te
spero e sospiro.

Lachen und Weinen [Text: Ruckert]
Lachen und Wienen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb auf so mancherlei Grunde,
Morgens lacht ich vor Lust,
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Is mir selb' nicht bewusst.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Abends weint ich vor Schmerz;
Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,
Muss ich dich fragen, o Herz.

Frühlingsglaube [Text: Uhland]
Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und wehen Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang.
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden;
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

Gretchen am Spinnrade [Text: Goethe]
Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
und nimmermehr.

Of my Sweet Ardor
O desired object of my sweet ardor,
the air which you breathe,
I breathe at last.

Wherever I turn my glance
your lovely features
love paints for me:
my thoughts imagine
the most happy hopes;
and in the longing which fills my bosom
I seek you, I call you,
I hope and sigh.

Laughter and Tears
Laughter and tears, at whatever hour,
are founded, in love, on so many things.
In the morning I laughed for joy,
and why I now weep
in the evening glow
I myself do not know.

Tears and laughter, at whatever hour,
are founded, in love, on so many things.
At evening I wept for grief;
and why you can awake
at morn with laughter,
that I must ask you, O heart.

Spring Faith
Gentle breezes are awake,
murmuring, stirring night and day,
everywhere active, creative.
Oh fresh fragrance, oh new sounds!
Now, poor heart, be not afraid.
Now must all things, all things change.

Daily the world grows fairer,
what may yet come, we do not know,
to blooming there is no end;
the farthest, deepest valley blooms:
now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now must all things, all things change.

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel
My peace is gone,
my heart is sore,
never shall I find
peace ever more.

Gretchen am Spinnrade (continued)

Wo ich ihn nicht hab,
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein'edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Mein Busen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!

Allerseelen [Text: H von Gilm]
Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden
Die letzten roten Asten trag herbei,
Und lass uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, dass ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, dass ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Where he is not,
there is my grave,
all the world
to me is gall.

My poor head
is crazed,
my poor wits
destroyed.

Only for him I gaze
from the window,
only for him I go
from the house.

His superior walk,
his noble air,
his smiling mouth,
his compelling eyes.

And his words—
their magic flow,
the press of his hand,
and ah, his kiss!

My heart craves
for him,
oh, to clasp
and to hold,

and kiss him
just as I liked,
and in his kisses
pass away!

All Souls' Day
Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
bring in the last red asters,
and let us speak of love again,
as once in May.

Give me your hand to press in secret,
if people see, I do not care;
give me but one of your sweet looks,
as once in May.

Each grave today has flowers, is fragrant,
for one day of the year the dead are free,
come close to my heart, and so be mine again,
as once in May.

Die Nacht [Text: M von Gilm]

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Zueignung [Text: H von Gilm]

Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
dass ich fern von dir mich quale,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
habe dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
hoch den Amethysten-Becher
und du segnest den Trank,
habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
habe Dank!

Reve d'Amour [Text: V Hugo]

S'il est un charmant gazon
Que le ciel arrose,
Où naisse en toute saison
Quelque fleur éclore,
Où l'on cueille à pleine main
Lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin,
J'en veux faire le chemin
Où ton pied se pose.

S'il est un sein bien aimant
Dont l'honneur dispose,
Dont le tendre dèvouement
N'ait rien de morose,
Si toujours ce noble sein
Bat pour un digne dessein,
J'en veux faire le coussin
Où ton front se pose

The Night

Night steps from the wood,
slips softly from the trees,
gazes about her in a wide arc,
now beware.

All this world's lights,
all flowers, all colours
she extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
from the field.

All that is fair she takes,
the silver from the stream,
from the cathedral's copper roof
the gold.

Plundered stands the bush,
draw closer, soul to soul;
oh, the night, I fear, will steal
you, too, from me.

Dedication

Yes, dear soul, you know,
away from you I'm in torment,
love makes hearts sick,
have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom, held
high the amethyst goblet
and you blessed that draught,
have thanks.

And you drove out from it the evil ones,
till I, as never before,
holy, sank holy upon your heart,
have thanks!

Dream of Love

If there is a lovely lawn
Watered by the sky,
Where in every season is born
Some blossoming flower,
Where one gathers freely
Lily, woodbine and jasmine,
There I want to make a path
For your feet to tread.

If there is a loving breast
Wherein honor dwells,
Where a tender devotion
Never is morose,
If this noble breast always
Beats for a worthy aim,
I will make of it the pillow
Where your head can rest.

Reve d'Amour (continued)

S'il est un rêve d'amour
Parfumé de rose,
Où l'on trouve chaque jour
Quelque douce chose,
Un rêve que Dieu bénit,
Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit
Oh, j'en veux faire le nid
Où ton coeur se pose.

Les berceaux [Text: Prudhomme]

Le long du quai, les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence.
Ne prennent pass garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance,
Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!
Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leurs masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Clair de lune [Text: P Verlaine]

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmants masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques,
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur,
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

If there is a dream of love
With the scent of roses,
Where one finds every day
Something that is sweet,
A dream blessed by the Lord,
Where two souls unite,
Oh, I will make of it the nest
Where your heart will rest.

The Cradlesong

Along the quays, the large ships,
Rocked silently by the surge
Do not heed the cradles
Which the hands of the women rock,
But the day of farewells will come,
For the women are bound to weep,
And the inquisitive men
Must dare the horizons that lure them!
And on that day the large ships,
Fleeing from the vanishing port,
Feel their bulk held back
By the soul of the far away cradles.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where charming masquerades and dancers are promenading.
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises.
While singing in the minor key
Of triumphant love, and the pleasant life.
They seem not to believe in their happiness,
And their song blends with the moonlight,
The quiet moonlight, sad and lovely.
Which sets the birds in the trees adreaming.
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy.
The tall slim fountains among the marble statues.